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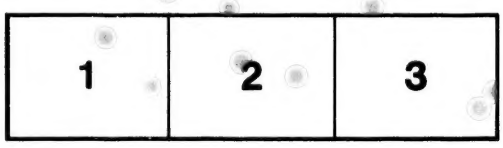

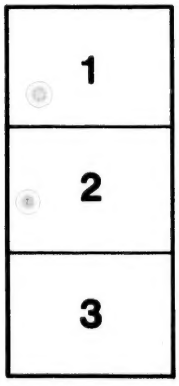

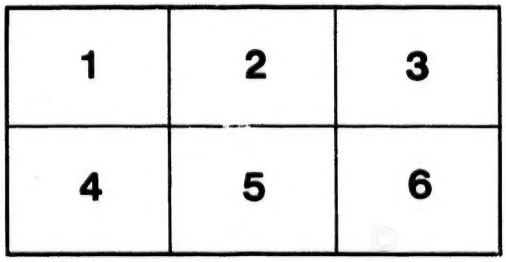

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With Admiral R. D. White's [illegible]
regards

The Narrative of a Journey from Quebec to Niagara,

through the

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"Fifty-six Years Ago"

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H.M. SHIP "PIQUE," QUEBEC, 1839.

The Rev. J. Marshall and myself having obtained leave of absence from our captain (E Boxer) for a fortnight or more to visit the Falls of Niagara, New York, New England, etc., and rejoin the ship at Halifax, we landed at Quebec on the 21st June to embark immediately on board one of the river steamers about to start for Montreal. The weather was fine and pleasant, and some of the views from the river very charming.

From Quebec the river St. Lawrence averages from half-a-mile to three-quarters in width until we passed a village called St. Francis, when it widened considerably forming the lake St. Peter.

22nd, at 9 a.m. the steamer stopped at "Three Rivers," the general rendezvous for our troops during the American War of Independence. It is now a small village with a few nice-looking houses and some decent shops. After stopping about twenty minutes we resumed our journey, entering "Lake St. Peter," about 21 miles in length, by 10 or 12 miles in width, and about 30 feet at the greatest depth.

At the further end of the lake we reached a cluster of small low islands, studded with luxuriant, lovely trees, but only with three channels sufficiently deep for vessels. We steamed through the "Barchi" channel, five or six miles long, and very narrow, and stopped fifteen minutes at a small village of the same name to fill up

with wood in lieu of coal, used by steamers running up and down in this river. Our attention was attracted by the vile conduct of a French-Canadian, evidently very drunk, wishing to shew us a specimen of his manly courage by fighting with two women, said to be his sisters, who, poor creatures, seemed most anxious to prevent him from getting into trouble. This only made him more outrageous, and stripping himself of everything but his trousers, commenced fighting more vigorously until after sundry falls and several bruises he was led away by some men, a disgusting object, amidst the cheers of the surrounding crowd.

We had on board as passengers a merchant of Montreal—Scotch by birth—a Devonshire man from Barnstaple, who had resided twenty years in Canada as a farmer, complaining bitterly of an insect that had for the last few years destroyed large quantities of wheat. They both gave us much information, especially the former, respecting this country and its produce: industry and sobriety he said are great means for raising agriculturists to comparative opulence. The other passengers were a mixture of English, Scotch and Irish settlers, principally employed as lumberers, that is during the winter months; these men dwell in far-away forests, engaged in cutting down trees, which are placed in sleighs for transport to the nearest river as soon as the ice breaks up on the approach of summer. They are then formed into rafts, and when completed with a few shanties erected thereon for these peculiar-looking labourers to take shelter in during their long voyage to the place of destination, either Montreal or Quebec. They start to be drifted by the current downwards aided by several small sails, when the wind is fair, hoisted on slender masts, which give these rafts a novel and peculiar appearance. It takes two or three months to accomplish this long voyage, often exposed to heavy storms on the St. Lawrence, so that at this

time they live a sort of amphibious life, too often addicted to strong liquors. We passed a peculiar mount on our left hand called "Belleisle," 30 miles inland belonging to a French gentleman, with a large lake on its summit, and manufactories of sugar in its neighbourhood. It has a singular and marked appearance standing alone in the midst of so much flat country. The day had been very fine, but towards evening the sky became overcast, assuming a threatening appearance, and soon afterwards a severe thunderstorm came on which drove us from the upper deck. At this time the steamer passed a cluster of small islands looking very pretty and picturesque, but the current was so strong against us that we made slow progress; however we reached Montreal at 9.40 p.m. and landed immediately.

My friend and myself proceeded at first to Griffith's Hotel close to the wharf, but not liking its appearance, we went to Oar's Hotel in Nôtre Dame Street, which we found very clean and comfortable.

Sunday (23rd) at 10 a.m. we went to the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Nôtre Dame Street, a large and imposing building, said to be the largest Church in Canada. The interior was simple enough: fitted with galleries and pews, and towards the altar there were some Scriptural oil paintings, but on the whole far inferior in appearance to the gorgeous Roman Catholic Churches in Spain and Italy. During the service, which I supposed was the performance of High Mass, a Priest passed from pew to pew offering the Sacramental Wafer to the various worshippers; when he came to us we both refused the proffered "petit morceau" much to the surprise and disgust of the Priest, who perhaps did not dream for one moment that we were Protestants, and my friend a Naval Chaplain.

We went afterwards to the English Church dedicated to Christ. A neat building, a nice service, and filled

with a respectable-looking congregation. A painting of the Lord's Supper stands over the Communion Table

In the Afternoon we drove round the *Mountain*—so called in Montreal—but, in fact, it is only a slight elevation, which only in comparison to the low flat country around may be termed so. From its highest point the view is very extensive and beautiful, looking down on the city of Montreal, the river St. Lawrence, and adjacent country; whilst nearer at hand there are green fields of wheat, apple orchards laden with fruit, and various species of trees, gardens, &c., together with the balmy freshness of the air and neat-looking cottages dotted about here and there made it a scene never to be forgotton. The city of Montreal is built on the west side of the island, watered by the junction of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers, extending two or three miles along the banks of the latter, and contains many fine buildings with a population of 40,000 inhabitants; but the streets are narrow, and the houses are generally roofed with tin. We dined at the table d'hôte at 5 p.m., meeting among the guests a very facetious Irish gentleman, who amused us much with his witty sayings and droll stories. At the same time he did not neglect making an exceedingly good dinner, aided with copious draughts of beer, &c. The Montreal people keep Sundays very strictly. So much so, that we found it impossible to procure tickets for places in the coach that was to start early the following morning, though as late as 7 p.m. We made another attempt later on at the booking office, and after continued knockings at the door a sleepy-looking lad, evidently just turned out of bed divested of all clothing except a nightgown, only responded to our appeal for tickets by saying he would do nothing on a Sunday, but advised us to call early next morning, to which we had to yield.

The charge per day at the Hotel was certainly moderate, only two dollars each: this provided us with

breakfast, dinner, tea, and a bed-room—of course feeding at the table d'hôte. 24th at 8 a.m., we left Montreal in a stage coach drawn by four horses for Lachine nine miles distant, on a bright morning, and a refreshing breeze from N.W. The vehicle proceeded at a tolerable pace, passing through very pretty scenery until we reached Lachine (N.W. part of Montreal), where we embarked on board the steamer "Chieftain," to proceed 24 miles up the river to a village called Cascades, passing *en route* the embouchure of the Ottawa river, emptying itself into the St. Lawrence, which at this point is about half-a-mile wide and 26 feet in depth. At Cascades the steamer stopped for the passengers to land as the rapids are too strong for some distance for the steamer to proceed farther; but here stage coaches are in readiness to carry the passengers on the Cotu du Lac station, a distance of 16 miles. The road leads along by the banks of the river, so we had a capital view of the numerous rapids rushing with great rapidity through narrow passages formed by groups of small islands, and rocks, interspersed here and there for many miles in extent. We passed several large rafts of timber floating down the river, at times shooting the foaming rapids with wonderful dexterity, the men employed in navigating them seemingly doing so without fear or anxiety. The banks of the river are dotted with houses principally inhabited by French-Canadians, who are the only cultivators of the soil in their various localities.

At Cotu du Lac another steamer, the "Neptune," was in readiness to convey the passengers to another village called Cornwall, and in her we steamed along at a rapid pace with the water as smooth as glass, passing many handsome trees, especially the weeping elm, noted for its graceful pendant branches, and occasionally steaming between groups of small picturesque islands. As the evening approached, just before sunset,

the scenery on both sides of the river was lit up with the golden rays of the sun, which added much to the loveliness of the scene we were passing through. At 8 p.m. we landed from the steamer at Cornwall village, and travelling by Coach we reached Dickinson's landing at 11 p.m, and in the midst of heavy rain embarked on board the "Brockville," very tired and weary, so were glad to turn in. Beds being provided for the passengers, placed on ledges one above the other several feet high, supported by something very like extensive scaffolding. These filled the whole of the Saloon. During the night the steamer got underweigh to proceed up the river, touching *en route* at Prescott, Upper Canada, for a short time. It was there that in 1838 some Yankee rebels occupied a windmill and some houses (Canada side) in an attempt to destroy Prescott, but were overcome by our troops. 25th, at 9.40, a.m. our steamer had to cross the river from Prescott to Ogdensburgh on the Yankee side, but before starting we had to land a party of Militiamen, kept on board to protect the mails, as our Yankee cousins do not permit foreign soldiers, English, or rather Canadians included, to approach their enlightened shores. At Ogdensburgh I landed with other passengers, and were shown the damage done by a recent fire which had completely destroyed several houses. An American then took us to a refreshment shop, and treated us all round to glasses of a drink called "Contradiction" an American speciality composed of a mixture of brandy, wine, and lemonade, not a bad beverage in hot weather. Our stay on shore was very short, as our steamer had to return to Prescott to re-embark the Militiamen, and then we proceeded on our voyage. At 12.30 p.m., stopped at Brockville (Canada side) to fill up with wood for fuel, and after awhile we started again, soon reaching that part of the St. Lawrence called "The Thousand Islands," where the river widens consider-

ably, and for a distance of 50 miles the steamer glided swiftly along in very smooth water amidst a succession of lovely islands, and islets, almost at times touching one or the other, some large, and some small, which for picturesqueness baffles all description; the larger islands being covered with large forest trees, and the smaller ones with fir trees all glowing in the bright sunshine.

The passengers were numerous and of various grades, one in particular, an Irishman lately imported from Dublin City, kept us in a constant roar of laughter in relating his adventures, and perils, dangers, &c., in crossing the Atlantic Ocean in the voyage out from dear *auld* Ireland, depicting in rich Irish brogue the horrors of a gale of wind, telling us the ship rolled so heavily as to carry away the mainmast. This yarn I told him was more than I could believe to have happened, unless she had rolled gunwale's under water; then, he said, "Ah! it might have been the maintop gallant-mast." We all laughed at the peculiar shape of his cap, saying it looked like a Yankee-built article. "Och sure, if I thought so, I'd just haave it into the sea."

The country continued to be low, and flat on both sides of the river, but the soil is said to produce good crops of wheat, &c., and large forests abound in many parts further inland.

The steamer arrived at Kingston at the N.E. end of Lake Ontario at 7.40 p.m., distant 210 miles from Montreal. On landing, my friend and myself proceeded to the Mansion House Hotel, kept by an Italian. It seemed strange to me to meet one born in the sunny clime of Italy lingering out his days in this changeable climate. On asking him how he liked Canada, found he had nearly forgotten the "Cosi, Cosi," so familiar an answer to an Italian. The streets are wide but badly paved, and some of the houses have a comfortable appearance.

A small harbour for our Navy with a dockyard, and large buildings for naval stores are situated near at hand, the whole being commanded by extensive fortifications, and a fort on the hill commands the town. Before bedtime smoked the evening cigar, and then turned in. Wednesday, 26th (June). Started on board the "Great Britian" steamer for Niagara. A splendid vessel, with a saloon for gentlemen 160 ft. long, nearly the whole length of the ship, and state cabins with sleeping berths on either side. The ladies saloon is on the deck above in the after part of the ship with a promenade on either side, called galleries. The engines are fixed on each side of the vessel, with paddles, just before the ladies' saloon. This gives more room for passengers, &c, convenient bunkers for fuel, and extra cabins, and the space between formed an agreeable promenade The upper deck was large and capacious, with comfortable seats placed all round in every possible position. We found to our surprise that the domestics (both men and women) were really civil and obliging, not generally the case on board the Colonial or American steamers, or at the various hotels.

We had many passengers on board, one in particular an old gentleman, a Baltimore merchant, who was introduced to my companion and myself by his brother, Major Farquharson of the 65th Regiment, quartered at Kingston. Mr. Farquharson had resided in the United States above 40 years, and, though a Scotchman by birth, had imbibed all the principles of a genuine democratic Yankee. The Kingston people took it into their heads to think that he was an American General sent to spy out the nakedness of their land, much to his amusement. At 3.10 p.m. we stopped at Oswego (American side) 70 miles from Kingston, a town of some importance, prettily situated on the banks of the river Oswego not far from the entrance.

My friend and myself had a short time to spare, so we took a stroll through the town, but did not see anything in particular to attract one's attention, though I happened to see a lady's veil on the ground, which I picked up and thought it might belong to a very pretty Yankee lady who had passed that way, so I offered it to her, which she accepted, saying it was her property, and with a profusion of pretty smiles thanked me most heartily and prettily. At 5 p.m. the steamer got underweigh to resume our voyage, having received a large influx of passengers (Americans). The water of Lake Ontario is good for drinking purposes, clear and cold, though in appearance assuming in the mass a greenish appearance.

This lake is about 160 miles long, by 30 to 60 in width, abounding with excellent fish, such as sturgeon, pike, bass, herrings, &c., and like other inland lakes becomes very rough, with a short tumbling sea, in stormy weather, but soon subsides directly the wind moderates. These storms make the navigation of such lakes both unpleasant and dangerous at the time. Fortunately we had beautiful weather, and the surface of the lake was perfectly smooth and placid, except in our immediate wake, where a long line of the foamy track could be seen some distance astern, caused by the propulsion of the paddles and speed of the ship steaming ahead at the rate of 11 knots per hour.

Towards evening a slight mist arose on the water, producing an extraordinary effect, a reddish hue on every object one beheld. Tuesday 27th.—The steamer reached Lewiston at 7 a.m., a village on the American side about 8 miles up the river Niagara, opposite to Queenstown (Canada side), near to which is a monument erected to the memory of General Brock who was killed there in repulsing the American troops in 1812. The scenery on either side of the river is very beautiful, with high perpendicular cliffs from 100 to 300 feet

high, clothed with vegetation, diversified with magnificent trees and rich foliage.

The river at this point is about half-a-mile in width. It was raining heavily when we landed at Lewiston, therefore gladly jumped into a car (so-called by the Yankees) or rather series of cars drawn by horses on a tram-road, which were in waiting to carry on the passengers. Immediately after starting a rough-looking fellow, the conductor, entered our car and squatting himself down between two of the passengers in a very free-and-easy manner, looked more like some amphibious animal just out of the sea than a human being, rigged as he was in a rough fustian suit, a very seedy-looking hat, and long shaggy hair, all well drenched in the heavy rain. He commenced grinning with great self-complacency, and said "I guess I am come to pay you a visit, and will trouble you for your fares." On being paid he grinned a satisfactory sort of smile and walked out, leaving the effects of his wet clothing behind, much to the passengers' annoyance. At three-and-a-half miles from Lewiston we passed what is called the Devil's Hole, a chasm formed in the cliff, on the American side, 200 ft. deep, and as the cars had to pass close to its brink some of the passengers became very nervous; however it afforded a splendid view, looking down as we did on the river below, tinged with lovely green trees and thick foliage on both banks. Directly we came within sight of a distant view of Niagara I involuntary turned away after a momentary glimpse, fearing I might be disappointed after hearing so much of the grandeur of the Falls from some people and diverse opinions by others, so that I turned to admire nearer objects at hand. On arriving at the village of Niagara Falls (American side) we were bored by numerous porters, servants and boys from the various hotels, all calling out the praises of their respective belongings, such as "Eagle Hotel, fine place, Sir;" "Cataract, Sir, best

place," and such like commendations from others. We decided at last, that is myself and friend, to try the "Cataract," it sounding more romantic, though the Eagle Hotel was certainly the best looking. We had a very good breakfast served up in the American style, and afterwards we started in company with an American gentleman to visit the Falls, which were not far distant. On our way we met Mr. Farquharson, who told us that he had taken a look at Niagara which was quite sufficient for him. No doubt taking more interest in making money than in looking at one of the wonders of the world.

I must confess that my peep of the Great Fall for the first time, as we saw it at a distance, was somewhat disappointing, then it looked small and insignificant, but what a change took place in one's opinion on a nearer approach. It was then indeed a magnificent and glorious sight! The River Niagara is about 36 miles in length from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, and nearly between the two lakes an almost perpendicular cliff runs across the river, of an irregular form, over which the river takes its great leap, divided into two parts by Goat Island; that on the American side is called the American fall, and that on the Canada side the British or Horse Shoe Fall on account of the curved form it assumes. The whole width of the great fall from one side of the river to the other, taking in Goat Island (328 yards wide) measures from 1200 to 1300 yards, and the greatest drop or fall 164 feet. Immediately above the Falls the river becomes so swift and impetuous, owing to a slight slope in the bed of the river for about one-and-a-half miles, gives it the name of the rapids, where the water is ever rushing on to the edge of the falls with such force that it is almost impossible to land on Goat Island, or its vicinity, and then only at great risk, until by the spirited exertions of Judge Porter and his brother (both Americans) living in the neigh-

bourhood, the difficulty was overcome by the erection of bridges leading first to Bath Island and then to Goat Island. The task at first sight seemed almost impossible, but luckily the depth of water was sufficiently shallow on the American side for the purpose, which would not have been practicable on the British side. The distance to Bath Island was only 448 feet, and therefore the two Yankees with their workmen commenced this great undertaking by forming a strong pier-head close to the shore, from which two long spars of sufficient strength, somewhat apart, were projected about half-way with their inner ends well secured to the pier. Then planks were laid across to form a bridge, on which large blocks of stone were conveyed to the outer end and dropped into the water, this was continued until another pier was formed strong enough to support the extreme ends of the spars, strengthened still more by driving piles of timber into the bed of the river all around it to prevent the masses of stone from being washed away by the force of the current. In this manner, by slow degrees, other piers were laid down, and bridges formed connecting Bath Island to the American shore, strong enough to bear foot passengers. Ultimately Goat Island was connected to Bath Island by similar bridges, to the intense satisfaction of the brothers Porter and the neighbourhood.

A story is told of a celebrated Indian Chief, Red Jacket by name, who passed over these bridges shortly after they were completed in company with one of the proprietors. As he walked along, the mingled emotions of hate, envy, and admiration, which rankled in his bosom towards the white man were markedly expressed as he gazed at the dashing waters, firm piers, and secure superstructures, uttering every now and then *Yankee Yankee*—applying an epithet not proper to mention though easily guessed, at least expressing more of spite than goodwill. We (my friend and self)

crossed over to Bath, or Irisisland by this bridge. A pretty little spot where we had to pay 25 cents each, collected as a toll, and then passed over to Goat Island by the other bridge. This island is about half-a-mile long, and quarter-of-a-mile wide, covered with trees in all parts. We walked to the N.W. point, which embraces a splendid view of the American Fall, the river below, and fine landscape scenery, and while I was sketching this view a violent thunder-storm came on suddenly, so that the loud peals of thunder combined with the roaring rush of waters, made it a scene of sublimity mixed with awe not easily to be forgotten. From this we walked to the "Biddle" staircase, erected by an American gentleman of that name for the general public, on the river side (Goat Island), down a perpendicular cliff of 70 feet to the rocks below. From which though very damp at times arising from clouds of mist—very wetting—passing occasionally over the face of the falls, we with difficulty scrambled over some low lying rocks and stony places to a spot where the view of the whole of the great Horse-shoe Fall was truly magnificent. No words of mine can possibly describe the wonderful and ever-varying scene as we looked upwards on the stupendous cataract rolling over the awful precipice in one continued roar, with the violence of an avalanche, resembling in whiteness the fleecy appearance of flakes of snow; except, towards the central part of the Fall where the water is much deeper it has a greenish tinge. It may be easily imagined that the great volume of water continually descending into the river below, computed at 100,000,000 tons per hour, must cause a vast commotion of seething waters all along the foot of the fall, the beauty of which cannot be surpassed, as from the force and gravity of the great leap the river underneath is one mass of foam, whirlpools, and lashing waters of dazzling foam, boiling and rushing downwards with great violence.

Whilst at the same time the reaction causes jets of spray to leap upwards in every fanciful form to a considerable height.

After awhile we re-ascended the staircase, and from the top of which I took a sketch including the American Fall, and the river Niagara rolling onwards towards Lake Ontario. We then walked to the S.W. end of Goat Island, and crossing a small bridge over some rocks ascended to the summit of a tower, erected by Mr. Porter, overlooking a view almost unparalleled in nature, grand, sublime, awful. On one hand looking up the river some distance, where the water appeared perfectly smooth, yet so treacherous and deceitful, running as it does into the current rapidly approaching the dangerous part called the *Rapids*, the dread both of man and beast, for there the river commences to rush onwards with headlong fury, foaming, and sparkling with broken waves right across the water, until for a few moments, figuratively (right along the edge of the Cascade) the river again becomes quite placid just before it takes the final leap. From our elevated position we could easily define the curved shape of "the Horse-shoe Fall," and admire the central portion of greenish water (supposed to be 20 feet deep) rolling over the precipice into the foaming cauldron beneath. On the other hand, looking down the river we could trace its course for many miles, and take in a large extent of woodland scenery, and the steep richly wooded banks of the river on either side.

On quitting these lovely scenes we walked to the ferry house (American side) a short distance from the American Fall, where I took a sketch of both Falls. We then crossed the river with our baggage in the ferry boat, rowed by a Yankee of somewhat wild appearance who would have made a valuable picture with his long lanky figure, long straight hair, and rough style of dress, together with his bluntness of speech, coinciding

with the scene around. As the boat approached the centre of the stream, the river was running down with great rapidity carrying us along with it, but the eddy on either side of it was so strong in the contrary direction that the crossing was much easier than could have been expected. Landing on the Canada side we ascended by a winding road to the Clifton Hotel, kept by Hermanus Cryster, where I obtained a comfortable bedroom facing Niagara, and then my friend and myself sat down to dinner at the table d'hôte. After dinner we inspected a museum, where we were shewn some good specimens of birds, insects, fish, and reptiles, also four living rattlesnakes all found in the neighbourhood, the latter being kept under glass.

At the Clifton Hotel we met two of our late shipmates, Major Arthur and Captain Aylmer, both of the 93rd Regiment, also Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Cox, who we thought pleasant people, besides numerous Yankees and other visitors. Like most Hotels in America, there is a daily table d'hôte, breakfast 8 a.m., dinner 2 p.m., and tea at 6 p.m., for which two dollars are charged daily to each person. In the front of the building there is a piazza on each floor commanding fine and extensive views, but every part of the building, windows especially, were rattling continually from the concussion of the great body of water rolling over the precipice, not altogether pleasant to nervous people.

Friday 28th.—My friend and myself walked to the Table-rock overhanging that part of the Horse-shoe Falls contiguous to the Canada side—unfortunately the day was misty and rainy. A staircase leads down to the rocks underneath where a series of massive stones have fallen from above at various times. We then walked towards the hotel, and from a spot not far off I took a sketch, taking in a general view of Niagara Falls.

Words cannot describe the many contending feelings

that agitate the mind at this wonderful scene, but, inwardly, I thought—

O thou great Creator of this magnificent world!
How wonderful are Thy works! even Niagara!
How sublime and terrible are thy roar of waters,
The everlasting roar of continued falls;
Man, what are thou? a mere atom—
Behold stupendous rocks, trees, and glens,
Rushing waters and overhanging rocks, ready at any moment to dash one into eternity;
The earth trembles at thy power,
And the mind of man is lost in amazement
At the whirlpools of water and green coloring of the foaming river,
Fleecy vapors rising and kissing the skies,
Spreading mysterious beauty o'er the scene.

Who can dwell on such subjects without feeling the power and magnitude of the Divine Architect?

On our return to Clifton House, I met my friend, Captain Trevelyan of the 93rd Regiment, and after dinner walked with him to the famous Whirlpool, three miles below the hotel, passing *en route* through lovely scenery skirting both banks of Niagara, besides several beautiful rapids.

The Whirpool is formed by a bend of the river taking a sudden turn to the right in its course—forming an obtuse angle about 480 feet wide, with high perpendicular cliffs on either side. It is said, that logs of wood are often seen whirling about in this one spot for days together, drawn down on arriving in the central part or vortex of the whirlpool with great force, and then being cast up again on its borders; this often continued many days, until cast up beyond the action of the whirling current.

29th, Saturday.—Took a last fond look of some of our favourite views on the Canada side, and at noon crossed the river to see once more Niagara from Goat Island, remembering Milton's words—

"Must I leave thee, Paradise?
Fit haunts for Gods?"

2.50 p.m.—Started by rail for Buffalo. I may relate a conversation which took place at the Eagle Hotel whilst we were having breakfast. Our merchant friend Mr. Farquharson, recommended us strongly not to travel by *canal* boat, describing the horror and misery of such a conveyance, only averaging about five miles an hour, and having to lie down at night higgledy, piggledy, heads and heels together.

"It is not so, gentlemen," said a dapper-looking small American, with a face as fierce as a North-wester. "I guess, gentlemen, if you travel by canal-boat, you will find it as comfortable as by any other conveyance, and there is no such thing as lying heads and heels together."

"Then how do they lie," asked Mr. Farquharson?" "Why with their heads close to other people's heels, but not higgledy, piggledy, as you say, and they can sleep comfortably." We laughed, and asked Mr. Farquharson if this was the conversation he called American liberty and politeness? He only answered "You will only find impertinent people on the frontiers."

Arrived at Buffalo in the afternoon (29th), 21 miles from Niagara, a large and rapidly-growing town, situated close to Lake Erie, with a population of about 16,000 inhabitants, though only a few years ago it barely existed. Now it is an imposing town, with numerous well-built houses and wide streets. We put up (my friend and myself) at the "Hotel American," which was very large and very comfortable. The same evening, at 6.30, we left Buffalo in a stage coach, the passengers being a Mr. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Lawton, and two gentlemen. Mr. C.—— was a Judge at New York, pleasant, clever, and seemingly a well-read man, without any of the democratic ideas so common in America; whilst Mr. L.—— was a genuine specimen of a Yankee, but a capital travelling companion, full of

boasting, telling us that no nation in the world possessed a more enlightened and prosperous people; in fact, a regular go-ahead nation. He carefully brought to our notice every object we passed on the road that he thought worthy of our attention, describing them in very glowing colours. I suppose he considered we were both Englishmen.

Sunday, 30th. We were obliged to continue travelling, though rather wearied with the close atmosphere at night in a coach, subject to constant shaking, pitching and rolling, often threatening a capsize over very rough *corduroy* roads—that is, stems of trees thrown across the road instead of stone. We passed *en route* through several villages, stopping at one of them occasionally to change horses, and sometimes the carriage as well. At a village called Avon we stopped to breakfast, turning out of the carriage *neat* objects to look at—dirty and looking very sleepy. However, we were powerfully refreshed with what "Jack calls a lick and a promise, that is, a partial washing of the face and hands, and then sat down to breakfast, which had been laid out in preparation for our arrival. After this repast the coach started again.

We soon afterwards passed through the village of Bloomfield, and saw several nice-looking Yankee ladies going to church, prettily dressed, rather different in appearance to our travelled-stained clothing. At noon we reached a villa called Canandaigua, prettily situated on the borders of a small lake of the same name. The larger houses are built something after the Grecian style, with porticoes, &c., and along the curb-stones of the pavement trees are growing, forming a nice shade for promenaders. Here we changed horses and the coach, and starting again, reached the pretty village of Geneva at 4 p.m., situated on the confines of Lake Senecca, about 35 miles long and three or four wide, standing amidst charming scenery, clothed with luxuriant

trees, and abounding here and there with fields of wheat. The houses are mostly of the villa type, with pretty gardens in front, gay with roses and other flowers, looking bright and cheery, whilst the pavements, shaded by trees, were thronged with well-dressed people in Sunday attire. We felt it would have been more pleasant to have been in their company instead of rolling on in our rough vehicle over abominable roads, looking one and all both weary and jaded. The glassy smoothness of the water on the lake, with the bright warming influence of the sun, gave the scene around a cheery appearance. Here our coach had to stop sufficiently long to partake of a dinner prepared for the passengers, and right glad was I to sit down quietly for a short time, as well as to strength in the inner man with needful food. Our American companions indulged in champagne, so my friend and myself did the same, and after a good dinner by the time the coach was ready to start, I felt powerfully refreshed and happier in mind. Proceeding on our route, we soon crossed a bridge over Lake Cayuga, about one and-a-half miles in length, arriving later on at the village of Auburn, where one of the State prisons is situated. Here we changed horses and coach. Our American travelling companions were very kind and agreeable, and were much astonished at listening to my stories of foreign lands at my young age, Mrs. L. —— remarking that I only looked 18 years old, flattering no doubt, as in reality I was 26. We left Auburn in another carriage with the same passengers, and found the glass broken in the front part, close to my friend's head, who not liking the draught and cold night air, asked the coachman kindly to do something to stop it, and offered him money, but he only answered in a surly manner that he had nothing to do it with, and that he had better shift with the other gentleman. We growled, and told him travellers in England would receive better treatment, so the window

remained in *statu quo*, although the American passengers tried everything in their power to soften this obdurate Yankee driver.

At the next station we stopped at to change horses, I overheard the Judge and Mr. —— rebuking the coachman, and telling him he ought to be more civil to English travellers, both of them, at the same time, giving him money. His only answer was that he did not know we were Englishmen.

Monday, July 1st. Stopped at Utica to breakfast, a town situated on the south bank of the Mohawk river, one of the largest and most important inland cities in the State of New York, with a population of 10,183 inhabitants.

At 9 a.m., instead of travelling again in our accustomed carriage, all the passengers were conducted to a railway station close at hand, where we had each to pay the required fare, and were then shewn into our respective cars—the number of cars and seats being marked on each ticket—so that there was no difficulty or confusion in finding the allotted seat considering the long train of cars—as the Americans call them—arranged underneath a shed. As soon as the locomotive was attached, the train started at an average speed of fifteen miles per hour, certainly far more pleasant than the horrid motion of a coach, squeezed together as we had been for so long a time. This was my first introduction to railway travelling. The only inconvenience we felt arose from using wood for fuel instead of coal, so that the cars were soon filled with fine dust. We passed through very pretty scenery as the train travelled along by the banks of the river Mohawk—named so from a tribe of Indians—with verdant fields on all sides, and thickly wooded here and there. A pretty girl was seated in our car—at least she had a pretty face, but American women in general lack that healthful glow so characteristic in Englishwomen. We passed several

encampments occupied by Irish labourers, who we heard were too fond of whiskey, but, on the other hand, they possess one good trait in respect to their families. As soon as they can save a small sum of money it is sent to dear auld Ireland, either to parents, wives, or other dear relatives or friends, and if prosperous in the new country they send for wives and families.

Our Yankee friends were very inquisitive, endeavouring by various questions to find out our position, etc., and what we were doing in the States. The Judge, Mr. C——, asked me if my friend was a physician, to which I answered, "No." He then enquired if we belonged either to the Army or Navy. Then, to satisfy his curiosity, I informed him that my friend was a naval Chaplain, and that I was an officer in the British navy. From that time our American friends redoubled their civility, and it appeared to me that, although they delighted in reviling England and her laws outwardly, yet, on the whole, there was an under current of love for the home of their ancestors, and admiration and respect for the mother country, as the Americans always term England. We passed several interesting looking villages, and arriving at a village called Little Falls the train ran between high limestone hills, not far apart, rendering the pass so narrow that it was only wide enough for the road and river (Mohawk) to pass through. On arriving at the city of Schenectady (we had to change carriages and train), which is situated in a valley of the Mohawk river, containing some fine buildings, especially the Union College. On leaving, the railway-cars we were drawn up a very steep hill by machinery and at 3.30 p.m. arrived at Albany, the capital of the State of New York, 296 miles from Buffalo, and situated on the west bank of the river Hudson. The State House is a fine building, and many of the private houses are handsome. The population is about 28,109.

We dined at the hotel American, and our Yankee

friends insisted on treating my friend and myself to champagne at dinner. At 5 p.m. we all embarked on board the "De Witt Clinton" steamer for New York, crowded with passengers. We steamed down the river Hudson, celebrated for its beautiful scenery, surpassing any other river in the States—well may Brother Jonathan be proud of his country! The Judge, Mr. C —— and Mr. Lawton were particularly civil whilst we were on board the steamer, the latter gentleman being anxious that we should pay our respects to the President of the United States, who was expected to visit New York on the following day. We passed through lovely scenery on both sides of this noble river, but unfortunately too late in the day to see the river by daylight, and being worn out with two sleepless nights I was glad to turn in early. Tuesday, July 2nd. At 5 a.m. we arrived at New York and landed immediately, and then proceeded up Broadway to the Astor Hotel, a large and handsome building many stories high. I was shewn to a bedroom up numerous flights of stairs, where I enjoyed a refreshing bath and a good wash, so very necessary after travelling for many days and nights by coach, train, and steamboat. After which I descended to the breakfast-room, losing myself several times before reaching it, amongst so many corridors and stairs. The breakfast—table d'hôte—was laid out in a large and neatly-furnished room on two long tables, reaching from one end of the room to the other, crowded at this time with numerous men and youths. The tables were groaning with everything one could wish for, such as every variety of hot dishes, eggs, cold meats, and milk and butter, kept especially cool by large pieces of clear ice, highly appreciated at this time of the year, as well as to mix with one's drink. At "table d'hôtes" in America the entrance door of the dining-room is kept closed a short time before each meal, so that a great assemblage of people

are in waiting on the outside until a gong sounds. Then the doors are opened and in rush a crowd of hungry Americans, and perhaps some foreigners, to get the best seats. It is curious to watch the rapidity with which the viands are consumed, and in less than half-an-hour the large room became quite deserted by all save my friend and myself, who were not able to swallow food with such celerity. The President (Van Buren) was due in the city at 2 p.m., therefore long before that hour the streets were thronged with civilians, volunteers, and militia men—"Americans boast"—looking very much out of their element in soldier's attire—something like sailors in long togs, as they call the dress of civilians. This military display attracted crowds of people in the streets, of all classes of society; a great display of bunting was also to be seen from many a window and housetops, and of course the Yankee Stars and Stripes, the national flag, floated proudly from all the flagstaffs in the city. We (friend and self) called on Mr. Lawton at his office in Wall Street, when he showed us round portions of a new Exchange now in progress of building. That portion which is finished is composed of massive blocks of granite in a neat classical style. Then we were shewn the new Custom House in the same street which will he an imposing building when finished. Trinity Church, close to Wall Street, built in the reign of Queen Anne, is one of the few remnants of England's supremacy in the States; we regretted that our time would not allow us to visit it. We then walked down Broadway to the Battery situated on the S.W. end of Manhattan Island, on which the City of New York is built, laid out very prettily with a promenade, grass-plots, and gravel walks. The fortifications originally built by the Dutch face the harbour, and Broadway extends from the battery in a northerly direction about three miles, a wide and handsome street. Later on we both called on Judge Campbell (our late

fellow-traveller) who introduced us to his family, one of his daughters being a very nice-looking, pleasant and talkative young lady; informing us that the American ladies in New York were tired of hearing so much about Queen Victoria, and that the fashion had been for some time to call various articles of dress after her such as Victoria bonnets, Victoria shawls, etc., etc.; and many of the citizens were often sending her presents, especially small kegs of a superior species of oysters. We were soon regaled with iced champagne and cake, and then our host shewed us his library well-stocked with valuable books. It was a very pleasant visit, and after awhile we had to say adieu to our kind old friend and pretty daughter, promising however to repeat the visit if our stay was prolonged.

At 3.30 p.m. the President passed Astor's Hotel, followed by crowds of people all along Broadway amidst much cheering and demonstrations of joy, waving of hats, etc. whilst ladies from every balcony and window kept up a continual waving of handkerchiefs. The President was mounted on horse-back but the crowd was so great and dense that I could only catch a glimpse of his bare head. Owing to this procession the dinner at the hotel was deferred from 3 hours to 5 hours p.m., so we had to go without, though it was charged in our bill, at which we growled but received nothing but impertinence in return. The charges were two dollars a day each, including bed, breakfast, dinner and tea, so on the whole we thought it very cheap.

We had to hurry away from the hotel as the steamer we intended going by was to start at 5 p.m., therefore at the appointed time left New York on board the American steamer *Massachusets* for Providence, crowded with passengers. At about six o'clock a bell was rung to summon the passengers to the saloon for tea, and the rush was so great that we poor *ignoramuses* of

American customs waited until the greater portion of the crowd had satisfied the cravings of nature, and by the time we descended for our share of tea found to our astonishment the tables nearly cleared of everything eatable, and no entreaties could persuade the stewards to add a single item of food to that which had been already provided, meeting with nothing but the greatest incivility, so we determined for the future to do as the Americans did, both at hotels and in steamboats, to stick to the old motto, "first come first served." The steamer being very crowded necessitated that many of the passengers had to sleep at night in beds or cots as they are called by Americans, of very narrow dimensions suspended by uprights in three tiers, one above the other, similar to that described in a former steamvessel. July 3rd.—Foggy weather. At 11 a.m. arrived at Providence in the State of Massachusets, a populous city about 186 miles from New York.

I was accosted on landing by a Yankee asking me if I was in search of employment, and another man asked if I was a carpenter, taking me, no doubt, for an emigrant.

My friend and myself might have indeed been taken for working-men by the appearance of our clothes, dirty and stained with so much travelling, and hats knocked out of all shape by constantly bumping against the roof of carriages as we jolted along such rough roads; however, we soon got free from these gentry by saying we were engaged, or answers to that effect.

At 3.30 p.m. left by train for Boston, distant 43 miles, and arrived there at 6 p.m., where we took up our quarters at the Tremount House, a very comfortable hotel, and servants very civil, a rarity in the United States.

Thursday, July 4th. This day is kept as a great festival by all Americans, in celebration of the "Declaration of Independence," July 4th, 1776. After

breakfast we walked to Bunker's Hill, celebrated as a battlefield during the War of Independence between the British troops, commanded by Generals Howe and Pigot, and the American colonists, in which the latter were eventually routed after several attacks on their entrenched positions, but with great loss on our side. During the battle crowds of anxious spectators mounted church steeples, roofs of houses in Boston, every high eminence in the neighbourhood, and on the masts of the shipping in the harbour; all agitated by different hopes and fears as self interest prompted them. The Americans are now at work erecting a tower on Bunker's Hill to commemorate their stout resistance and supposed triumph, which is to be 221 feet high, commanding a fine view. On this day all the principal shops in Boston are closed, and numerous processions continued parading the streets, which attracted crowds of sightseers, clothed in holiday attire. We strolled about from street to street all the forenoon, and though meeting so many people passed very few pretty women, rather disappointing on such a gala day, but some of the shops were very attractive, displaying on their counters huge masses of clear blocks of ice which being cheap was in great request to cool numerous American drinks, viz, sherry cobbler, mint julip, &c.

Boston is the capital of Massachusetts, possesses an excellent harbour, and is said to be one of the best built cities in the United States, but as our stay was to be short could not do much sight-seeing, nevertheless it is a fine-looking city, with good streets and some handsome houses.

At 2 p.m. returned to our hotel to dine at the table d'hôte, which was served up in a similar manner to that at the Astor Hotel, New York, though perhaps somewhat inferior in style. Americans as well as ourselves seemed to enjoy the ample supply of ice placed on every part of the tables during the meal, especially as

the weather at this time of the year was over hot. Many of the Americans appeared to be very abstemious with regard to alcoholic drinks, mostly only drinking water at dinner, or milk, tea or coffee at breakfast and at tea time. In large hotels there is generally a quadrangle in the central part of the building, so that it is easy to look from one's bedroom into the rooms opposite. Rather awkward if people do not keep their blinds down; for instance while I was in my bedroom I saw a couple *Molto amoroso*, at least a male and female were kissing each other most affectionately. In the evening walked with my friend to the public park on the outskirts of the city to witness a grand display of fireworks, where we were told about 20,000 people had congregated to witness the fireworks, and yet with this enormous crowd there was no apparent misbehaviour on the part of any person present, no bad language, or drunkenness to be seen, too often the case in Merry England. We were much pleased with the civility of so many persons we happened to meet, when desirous of being directed to some particular street or shop, &c., though before doing so it was necessary to answer a few questions, such as, "I guess you are a stranger," or "I guess you are a Britisher," &c., and then directly their curiosity is satisfied would walk a considerable distance to put us in the right track, even when a place or house was difficult to find. After some refreshment at the Tremont Hotel we were walking (friend and self) towards the steamboat wharf each smoking a cigar, when we were rudely accosted by a Policeman saying "I presume you must not smoke in the streets," placing at the same time his staff of office across our bodies to stop us from advancing any further, and bidding us desist from smoking immediately. This language in a supposed free country roused our John Bull blood, so we had to throw away our half-smoked cigars with great indignity, and vented our

spleen on the enlightened people of Boston. At midnight started for Portland in a steamer called the "Portland." 5th, Foggy weather. While I was perambulating the upper deck in the forenoon, one of the ship's boys came and told me that I must go below. This seemed such an extraordinary request that I asked what it meant. "You must go below," said he, so I answered, "Very well, that will do," and continued my walk. The Steward then came and repeated the same message, but not feeling inclined to submit, and rather enjoying the fun, answered, "All right," and continued my walk. "No, it is not all right," he said; "have you a ticket?" "No," I answered, and the Steward, no doubt taking me for a doubtful character, called out to the Captain, "Here is a man, sir, who says he wont go below," whereupon the Captain questioned me and told me to go below, and if I did not conform to the rules of the ship I had better go on shore. I explained to him that my friend had my ticket, but as he also insisted on my going down to the cabin or saloon for passengers, I condescended so far as to step down to the deck below, when, to my astonishment, I saw the passengers coming up out of the saloon one by one and delivering their tickets to an officer of the ship. This seemed as if the passengers were not considered too honest, to have recourse to such a system, when at an appointed time they are confined in the saloon until the pleasure of the Captain allows them to ascend. This is said to be necessary to prevent fraud or cheating the Company. At 12 p.m. arrived at Portland, seemingly a snug harbour and a thriving town. At 1 p.m. started in a stage coach for Augusta, having as passengers a Wesleyan preacher, a son, and a friend, also two Americans (tradespeople). It was not long before a discussion commenced between the preacher and some of the passengers on religious subjects, relative more especially to the creed of Universalism (a common sect in New

England), who believe that there is no punishment for sin after death, and heaven is a sure reward as all sins are punished in various ways while dwelling on earth. They appear to retain the same religious opinions as their forefathers, who in 1620 became unsettled by the intolerance of the home government, and at first passed over to Holland, but afterwards emigrated to this country (New England) a number of poor, ignorant, and fanatical zealots. About 101 in number reached Cape Cod at break of day 9th November, 1628, settling near at hand, and in affectionate remembrance of the port of Plymouth, from which they sailed, called their new settlement New Plymouth. A Yankee who was a fellow passenger treated us (my friend and self) to a long discussion, more wearisome than pleasant, against the Government of England, who he termed both oppressive and tyrannical, and that Englishmen were entirely ruled by a proud nobility. "I guess," said he, "that there is no nation in the world can compete with us (Americans). See our ships, I guess they will outstrip any of yours; and look at our railroads, steam machinery," etc., and suchlike boasting as long as we travelled together. At 11 a.m. arrived at Augusta, the capital city of the State of Maine.

6th July. Foggy weather. Left Augusta at 7 a.m. in the mail coach, a slow affair—only travelling about five miles an hour. We had as passengers an old lady and two young ones, two Americans (men), and the Wesleyan preacher, so the conversation, as usual, turned on religious subjects, both old and young joining in the conversation, arguing, it seemed, more with the wish to find fault with statements in the Bible than to profit by its holy teaching. The old lady was an Universalist, and argued in the most ridiculous manner with the Wesleyan, who asked her to explain from Scripture, and especially from the New Testament, the derivation of her belief. She answered, "You will find it in the 15th chapter

of St. Paul's 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, verse 42, 'So also is the resurrection of the dead—it is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.' These verses," she said, "formed the foundation of their belief." Certainly, very agreeable to those who can rest satisfied, but very dreadful to those who know more of their Bible than these extraordinary people seem to do.

At 8 p.m. arrived at Bangor, State of Maine, situated on the Penobscot river—it is a large and flourishing town. Rested here for the night at a very comfortable hotel.

July 7th. Left Bangor at 7 a.m. in the mail coach, travelling for many miles along a road cut through a primeval forest of fir trees, which were so dense that we could only see the sky and trees on either side, and were greatly annoyed by mosquitoes, who seemed to resent our intruding in this wild and uninhabited domain of theirs—at least they continued to swarm around us until we reached a more open country, which became diversified with a continued succession of small lakes and rivers, amid the wildest scenery imaginable. At one particular pass, called the "Devil's Grip," the road lay between huge masses of rock, varied with high mountains and dense forests, so that the scenery was beautifully romantic, wild and primitive. In this wild uncultivated region man is almost unknown, or rarely seen; except here and there a few individuals may be seen clearing the ground by cutting down trees, and clearing away a spot of ground—called a clearing—whereupon to build a few log huts constructed in the rudest fashion out of the timber cut down. The roads in these parts was of the roughest description, and consequently very unpleasant to travellers, constructed by laying logs of timber and trunks of small trees

across the road, and filling in the crevices with mud and earth—called corduroy roads. The country as we drove along became more fertile and picturesque, while the road every now and then passed quite close to the river Kennebec. We passed a few isolated *clearings* on which log huts were erected—seemingly neither wind or water tight—each hut having a large barn attached, so much larger in comparison to the size of the dwelling that they looked very remarkable, but still more so the numerous stumps of trees just above ground, scattered about in every direction for miles around, gave the landscape a very uncultivated appearance, though wherever the land is somewhat cleared potatoes and wheat is grown, reserving sufficient grass to feed a cow or two. The coach stopped at a small country village, where we dined at a poor-looking inn. It is the custom in this part of the country to serve only tea even at dinner, which I thought very strange. I drank one cup of tea for the sake of following the fashion of this country, and then asked the landlord if he could supply me with a glass of beer, but that was not to be had for love or money, nor had they any cider. After much searching I obtained some bad brandy—my bad taste was not agreeable to brother Jonathan the landlord. I asked him why he did not keep a cask of beer in his establishment? His answer was, "I guess water was better for health than either beer or spirits." We started afterwards, and at midnight arrived at a small village called Machias, where we were to rest for a few hours—very acceptable after all the shaking we had experienced on the road. I asked "sailor fashion" for a soft plank to caulk on (a nautical term for a place to sleep on) which seemed to bewilder our travelling companions, as I heard them saying to each other, what does he want? "A caulking place," what can he mean by that? However, the people of the inn were able to provide us with beds, so we enjoyed four hours' sound sleep until we were awoke to resume our journey.

8th July. Left at 3.30 a.m. in the same coach in very foggy weather, and at 1 p.m. arrived at Eastport, State of Maine, a small town situated on Moose Island, connected to the mainland by a bridge, and borders the sea; but the fog was too dense to see far, or much of the town. Eastport had suffered lately from a great fire, which destroyed many store houses, with their contents. We dined at the table d'hôte at 2 p.m. The landlord, a seafaring looking character, presided at one end of the table, and his fair spouse at the other end. Our party consisted of Yankee merchant captains, mates, &c. The dinner was good, but not well served.

9th. Left Eastport at 11.30 a.m., during a thick fog, on board the Nova Scotia steamer. When dinner was announced I took a place for my friend by my side, but when he joined me he asked me to exchange seats, so I got up, and immediately an old man in a very dingy brown dress quietly slipped into my seat, though I told him it was engaged. "Oh, yes," he answered, "I guess I know it is," adding, "you ought to have kept your place when you had it." This raised my dander, as "Sam Slick" would say, so opened upon him a broadside of growls, but the old fellow remained immovable until he had finished his dinner, and then walked away without saying a word. After dinner I was walking up and down the deck, when to my astonishment the same old man came and apologised for his rudeness, hoping I would not think any more of the little fracas at dinner, hinting that he did not know who I was. How he obtained any information about me was a puzzle, for certainly my dress, covered with mud and dirt, did not give me the appearance of a British Naval officer; nevertheless we made it up and became good friends. The Americans we found are fond of slanging the Britisher, but on the whole they don't like to offend personally, for fear I suppose of something English "Bookmakers" may write against them. The fog was so dense that it was

impossible to see further than a boat's length ahead, and the compass was seemingly much out of order, so that it was necessary to keep heaving the lead continually; but notwithstanding every precaution the steamer would have run onshore had not the fog lifted a trifle, enabling us to see the land close ahead with sufficient time to back astern out of danger, and then coming to anchor. After a while the anchor was hove up again and the steamer proceeded in another direction towards St. John's harbour. No one unaccustomed to fogs at sea can possibly conceive the anxiety it is to the Captain of a vessel, the crew, and passengers while a fog continues. Every one on board endeavouring to peer through it, imagining every now and then that something was visible, only to be deceived again and again. At last we arrived safely alongside a wharf in St. John's harbour. St. John is the largest city in New Brunswick, situated on the left bank of the river of the same name, with a good harbour accessible to the largest ships at all seasons. My friend and self landed and went to the St. John's Hotel, feeling most happy on finding ourselves on British territory again. We remarked in walking about the severel streets that though the climate is so very foggy the persons we passed looked the perfection of health, especially young people and children, so evidently foggy weather agrees with them.

The following morning (10th,) we started in the steamer "Nova Scotia" to cross over to the opposite coast, Nova Scotia, having on board as passengers Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Commissariat Department, Mr. Allen, Royal Artillery, and several of the Wesleyan clergy. The steamer left the wharf at 8 a.m., entering at once into the Bay of Fundy, remarkable for having the highest tides in the world, rising 60 or 70 feet. It is an inlet of the Atlantic, 140 miles in length and 45 in breath and very subject

to fogs. The fog to-day was so dense that we made little progress, and had to anchor in the evening, when the crew caught a great quantity of cod. After tea Mr. Allen and myself went to the steerage cabin, on deck, to have a smoke and a quiet chat. Afterwards we proposed to descend to the saloon for a glass of grog, but on hearing the sound of many voices coming from that direction, which we ascertained, was caused by all the saloon passengers (except ourselves) being assembled together to hold a prayer meeting, led by the Wesleyan parson, singing hymns, and listening to a sermon he preached to them. To this we did not care to attend, therefore returned to the steerage cabin.

11th.—Fine clear weather which enabled our steamer to rattle along at full speed, helped also by the flowing tide. The scenery became very wild and beautiful as we approached the Basin of Minas, and continued so until we arrived at Windsor (Nova Scotia) prettily situated on the Banks of the river Avon. The rush of passengers from the steamer to get booked by the stage coach on the point of leaving for Halifax, was so great that Mr. Marshall, Mr. Allen, and myself hired a wagon, so-called in this country, but in England is called a dog-cart, to carry us to Halifax, a distance of 45 miles. We left at 1 p.m., and passed *en route* several small lakes and rivers, forests of birch and fir trees, but on the whole, the country did not appear to be over cultivated. At 8 p.m., stopped at a village called Falkes, a favourite retreat for the people of Halifax in the summer season, and especially for young married couples to spend their honeymoon. After dinner resumed our journey, and when it became dark, myriads of fire-flys on each side of the road gave this part of the ride an enlivening and pleasing reminiscence.

Arrived at Halifax at 10 p.m., and immediately repaired on board the "Pique," having travelled in 19 days (including stoppages), by Steamer, Coach, and Rail, nearly 1,800 miles.

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